

Washington
March 29 - 1910

Dearest Mother -

This is Monday morning and I am going to leave on the next car. It has been a wonderful week end.

Friday morning I had a class at ten-thirty. I went to Luckey. Platt's before then, tried on my white suit in the last fifteen minutes which would

have been safe, got back to my class, and met the suit at the train at twelve. It is wearing on the nerves to just get through. The trip down was [hot?] but I felt very much rested by evening. Mrs. Spencer met me here. She has another guest, Mrs. White, of Scranton who came just before I did.

They are going to Washington for today.

Judge telephoned at seven Saturday, and Follett later in the morning. I walked with Follett from twelve until one, and had a lovely satisfactory talk. He is all right. He is being careful and is not even disturbed about the restriction. Most of our boys seem to be taking it in a harmless spirit, and the only signs of gloom I [met?] were in people I have not known very well.

Winfield, Judge and Russell were here for luncheon Saturday. Then we went

for the long-anticipated ride. The [Temple?] was not to be found. I had a great tall horse with a long stride, which can

out-trot anything in Annapolis. He was afraid of autos and street cars, and I did not feel very confident, as there was a martingale

on the bridle. So we sought safety in going around -- when it was necessary. We rode out to [Arundel?] on the Bay -- about fifteen miles round trip.

There is no trouble between Judge and me -- I am sorry that I have given you any worry

about - also that I forgot to send the last three letters.

We rode back just in time to see the last two innings on the fifteen-inning game with Cornell.

Follett, Judge, Ch[...] Brown and Win were here for dinner, and Kent and Russell came after wards. Follett and I went to call on Mrs. Williams. When we came back we found a bridge game in progress. I felt too lazy to play, and went to reorganize the ant[e?]-bridge club.

When we were out Saturday morning I ordered some lovely white tulips

for Mrs. Spencer. The little flowers you sent me came Sunday. They are exquisite, Mother, and were in good condition, although the box was broken open. All my clothes are so satisfactory. I wore my white suit and waist to chapel and Follett approves.

Almost every one is on third grade, so they could not come out yesterday. Kent and Cooke were the honored ones for Sunday dinner. I forgot to say that I went to Chapel early, and saw the choir, including [Dart?], whom I have not yet seen besides

Yesterday afternoon we went for a lovely drifting sail - Follett, Kent, Cooke, Judge, and I. I steered a good deal of the time and Kent helped me [run?] down a buoy.

After we came back it was time to receive the victorious fencing team. We row all of the way from Mrs. Spencer's to Bancroft, to hear the speeches, and I was glad of gym training. [Pug?] joined us in the yard, and the crowd waked until 6:23 -- and talked of many things.

Plans for next week are not in the least discouraging. We have just dropped the word "hop" from any considerations.

Doss' picture made a wonderful hit. The sailing party on the Argo for Sunday has taken a sudden [boom?]. I am glad of it, but Follett is a dear anyway, and

promised to be a smiling martyr, if a martyr he must be.

Miss Roget has the room for us.

[Clochette?] and Miss [Slack?] were both here Saturday afternoon, but they left before I got back from riding. Miss Slack is going to call in Washington.

Monday night - at Clochette's.

I have had a wonderful day, but I am so very tired, so I shall just finish this and go to bed. Clochette met me this morning and we went shopping until luncheon. I passed Arthur Ferguson on the street, but he did not see us.

[Connie?] joined us at luncheon and, as Clochette was going to the Yale-Cornell football game, she took me to the vaudeville, and to the New Willard for tea. The show was rather poor, but [Connie?] and I had a lovely talk. She is so honestly fond of you, Mother dear. They all are, and it makes me very proud. She said to me

that you are the only woman she has ever admired and I believe she meant it.

I am sorry there was a "disappointed Daddy" -- you dears! I meant to answer the other letter, but I was really too rushed last week to do it. It came Wednesday morning, and lately

the letters have come on Thursday, so I think it does do good to mail them in time.

Every one likes the clothes so much. I wore the [ecru?] Saturday and -- it is time for me to stop, for I am about to say the same things over again.

Clochette is unhappy

over [Bart?] again. He has not been natural for three weeks, and has stopped studying again. Mrs. Spencer sat behind them at the Saturday game, and says they hardly exchanged a word.

Clochette -- who has also been enthusiastic -- is sending her love to you both. Capt. Jack and the Mrs. were also most anxious to be remembered. Mrs. Spencer --- and I do not believe I have said how lovely she was to me -- sends her best and says that she will answer your note soon.

Letters are so unsatisfactory when there is so much to be said
-- but I hope you have filled in the spaces with the thoughts
that belong.

Lovingly,
Harriett.